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CRYSTAL PALACE—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—A Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place on Saturday next, Nov. 20th, at Half-past Two. Particulars will be advertised. Doors open at 10. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or, by Season Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; Children, One Shilling.

ST. JAMES'S HALL (MINOR).—MR. W. E. EVANS (of Sheffield, formerly of Cheltenham) has the pleasure of announcing that he will give a Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music this evening, Saturday, November 13, to bring before the public his improved Harmonium; on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss Hughes (soprano), Mr. Alfred Gilbert (grand pianoforte), Mr. R. Clementi (violin), Mr. W. H. Adams and Mr. W. E. Evans (harmonium). To commence at eight o'clock, terminating before ten. Admission by invitation tickets, to be obtained at Messrs. Boosey's, and Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, music publishers.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE.—The FIRST REHEARSAL of the PRESENT SEASON will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, Nov. 19, 1858, to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock precisely. STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Sec. The tickets are now ready for delivery at Robert W. Olivier's Music Warehouse, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly, W.

EXETER HALL.—MADAME ANNA BISHOP begs to announce that she will make her FIRST APPEARANCE since her return to Europe in a GRAND CONCERT to be given by her at EXETER HALL, MONDAY, December 19th. Full particulars and programmes will be shortly announced.

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REVIEWS.

"THE HARMONISED AIRS FROM MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES"—with the original symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson. Mus. Doc., and Sir Henry Bishop, for two, three, or four voices. (Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts.)

In a notice of Messrs. Longman's complete and handsome re-issue of the *Irish Melodies*, some time since, our regret to find perpetuated the accompaniments of Sir John Stevenson (and even some of those of Sir H. Bishop) was clearly stated. To this subject it is unnecessary to return; and, indeed, when we add that whatever was said in favour of the *Melodies* applies with equal justice to *The Harmonised Airs*, we have done all that is requisite to invite attention to the fact of their re-publication.

"NATIONAL AIRS AND OTHER SONGS"—(now first collected)—by Thomas Moore. (Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts.)

Here is a collection richer in extent and variety, if not absolutely equal in intrinsic value—poetical and musical—to the *Irish Melodies* themselves. The national tunes of almost every nation are represented in this volume, allied to verse of that epigrammatic and highly-finished nature which few poets, either of ancient or modern times, have been able to produce with such eminent facility as Thomas Moore.

The *National Airs* show that the Muse of the Irish poet could be vocal to other strains than those of the Emerald Isle—to other themes than the joys and sorrows, the reverses and the triumphs, the history and the legend of his native country. The collection includes upwards of 80 songs (three of them also harmonised as duets, and three as trios) to French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Russian, Swedish, Sicilian, Venetian, Maltese, Savoyard, Catalonian, Florentine and Neapolitan tunes, besides others from India and the far East, with a few of home growth—Scottish, English and Welsh—tunes from every clime, in short, except that of tuneful Hibernia, whose lyric wealth had already been ransacked for the *Irish Melodies*. In every instance the quick invention, the ready fancy, and the consummate workmanship of our minstrel stood him in excellent stead. He caught the spirit of the airs, and wedded them to congenial numbers. We shall not attempt to describe each song, or, indeed, any of the songs, in detail. Happily, they have been too familiar, to the ballad-loving world of the last half-century, to demand such a labour (which, nevertheless, would be a labour of love) at our hands. The fact of their being now for the first time collected and brought out as *one work*, in a volume neatly printed and handsomely got up in all respects, is one upon which we may congratulate both Messrs. Longman and the musical public. We should, at the same time, have experienced a less qualified satisfaction had new *accompaniments* been supplied by some competent hand; but since, in the *National Airs*, Moore, whose musical acquirements were by no means considerable, has got to answer for his own shortcomings, we forgive him on account of the poetry, which, by its exquisite finish, makes up for all the sins, of commission or omission, with which his attempts at harmony may be charged.

"ECOLE ESSENTIELLE DES PIANISTES—études progressives, pour servir d'introduction aux ouvrages des grands maîtres." Books 12, 13, 14, and 15. By Stephen Heller. Op. 90. Wessel and Co.

We have only two objections to make to this otherwise very interesting publication, and these apply to the title-page. The *Studies* of M. Stephen Heller, agreeable as they

are to practice, by no means form an "*essential school*" for pianists; nor do they contain anything that, properly speaking, can serve as "introduction to the works of the great masters." It is quite enough to insist that they are in themselves charming, and that they rank deservedly among the most original contributions to the pianoforte which the present not very prolific age can boast, without forcing them into a position wholly antagonistic to their unpretending nature. M. Stephen Heller belongs as essentially to what has been termed "the Modern Romantic School" as the late Chopin himself—or as M. Henselt, and one or two others now living, who think for themselves, and make no attempt at clothing their ideas in the forms recognised as "classic." The fountain head of this recent and highly estimable class of musical composers was undoubtedly the gifted and somewhat capricious Pole, whose works Messrs. Wessel and Co. were the first to make familiarly known in this country. We do not accuse M. Heller of being an imitator of Chopin, but we are compelled to regard him as one of the most successful and accomplished preachers of the Chopinical gospel. In some respects he may be preferred to Chopin: his musical instinct and his ear for harmony being more refined and delicate; but in first ideas, in the faculty of invention, M. Heller can hardly be put on a par with his predecessor.

The four books of *Studies* before us are full of good things—capital things in short—things which (to repeat ourselves), although M. Heller is plainly a disciple of Chopin, belong not to Chopin, but exclusively to M. Heller. Indeed, M. Heller's manner is so strongly marked, its beauties and its defects are so individual, that his music never runs any danger of being taken for the music of any other composer. His predominant fault, it should be added, is an adherence to certain peculiarities which seem to grow with his growth, and by this time, are, we imagine, ineradicable. Thus he is a mannerist, but a mannerist of that earnest and artistic type which invariably elicits attention and enforces respect. The first of the four books consists of six studies, four of which (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6) are—for M. Heller, be it understood—remarkably easy. They will, however, be not less welcome on that account to the majority of amateurs, unable to grapple with more elaborate pieces from the same pen. Besides which they are unexceptionably pretty. No. 3 especially—an *allegretto* in G—is sprightly and captivating. No. 4 (in E minor) is of a bolder character, and No. 5 (a kind of *scherzo*—in D) being marked *vivace*, demands a much more independent finger than any of its companions. Both are genial and striking—but the last particularly. The second book also contains six pieces, generally more difficult (though in no instance very difficult) to perform than any in the first. No. 1—*molto vivace*, in A—will engage by its playful character; No. 2 (in F sharp minor), has a less definite subject, but such a theme as it possesses is worked out successfully in the author's own manner. No. 4—in E, *moderato*—is still more vague than its immediate precursor, and yet is so thoroughly Hellerian that, if executed with grace and neatness, it is sure to charm. The last three studies in the second book are rhapsodies, more or less interesting, but which sound rather like improvisations than anything else, consisting for the most part of series of harmonic progressions. The longest—and, as seems to us, the best—is the last G sharp minor, *con moto*. Here we can trace out something like a well-proportioned *theme*, which we are unable to do in the others. No. 1 of the third book (G flat—*assai vivace*) is both new and beau-

tiful. No. 2 (E flat minor—*allegretto con grazia*)—containing elements which M. Heller might have further developed—will be generally admired for its expressive character. No. 3 (D flat—*allegretto con anima*) is thoroughly original, and indeed one of the most musically attractive in the series. Compare this truly charming movement with its rhapsodical successors, Nos. 4 and 5 (in B flat minor and A flat major), and own the incalculable importance of a well defined rhythmical theme! Nos. 6 and 7 (in F minor and E flat) land us once again upon purely musical territory, both having subjects easy to appreciate and worked out with fancy and elegance. No. 1 of the fourth and last book (C minor—*allegro agitato*) is a not very difficult, but still a very eminently useful exercise for “*staccato*,” the attainment of which, in combination with the *legato* phrases that alternate and contrast with the prominent figure, must offer a twofold incitement to ambitious students. No. 2 (in B flat—*andante quasi allegretto, con delicatezza*) though provokingly short, is another gem—music, and music off the choicest, from one end to the other. No. 3 (in G minor—*presto*) a spirited movement in the *tarantella* style (of which M. Heller has produced more than one famous specimen), is the longest, the most carefully developed, the most symmetrically designed, and the best written piece of music to be found in the four books. It may be played over a dozen times, and always with renewed pleasure. No. 4 (in F—*con moto*) is graceful and (vaguely) melodious; but neither this nor the last study in the fourth book (in D minor—*allegro appassionato*), so far as we may be permitted to decide, can be placed in the same category as any of those which have been especially singled out for praise.

It is scarcely necessary to “cap” the few brief observations upon which our space has allowed us to venture, with a recommendation to all pianists of a certain capacity, amateur or professional, to possess themselves of M. Heller's new studies.

ENGLAND'S WAR SONG.

BY “GAMIN DE PARIS.”

(Dedicated to the perpetrators of diluted patriotic verse.)

I.

Boys, Britannia rules the waves;
We'll ne'er be nigger slaves!
With her triple fork in hand
She still guards our favored land;
Nor shall e'er her courage blench
While she boldly “spikes the French.”
Sing, then, round our oriflamme,
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

II.

Little men in blue or red,
Bring your bullets made of lead;
Quickly now his little gun
Shoulder bravely every one.
Brummagem shall bay'nets* send
On the foe themselves to bend.
Shout, and each his Enfield ram—
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

III.

Men of Sussex!—men of Kent!
Seize the arms your sires have lent!
Staff of oak, and prong of steel,
Let the base intruders feel.
Gallic foemen, when they come,
Give “what Paddy gave the drum!”
In their throats defiance cram—
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

* As per contract.

THE THIRD “MITTEL-RHEINISCHES” MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 686.)

THE concert on the second day (the 27th September), took place at two o'clock p.m., under the direction of Herr Hagen, *Capellmeister* of the Ducal theatre at Wiesbaden. It opened with a very fine performance of Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. We cannot, however, approve of the choice of the conclusion which R. Wagner has appended to it, instead of that by Mozart, which is far better adapted for a concert. The orchestra, however, proved what it could do with a correct tempo.

The choruses a *capella*, the choral by Johann Eccard: “Es ist das Heil uns Kommen her,” with alterations in the text, and Johann Christoph Bach's motet: “Ich lasse dich nicht,” were given, it is true, with precision, and without sinking, but the execution was far beneath what we are entitled to expect in such choruses without accompaniments. The notes were intoned rather than sung. Due significance was not given to them, so that it was seldom we heard the tone properly sustained, or swell and die away as it should have done. We confess that proper expression of this description, and, especially, perfect equality of the same in all the voices, is difficult to achieve with only one general repetition of a number of different associations, and, for this reason, we consider that choruses a *capella* are not at all suited for musical festivals. They can only be sung after a course of persevering study by particular associations, which have dedicated themselves exclusively to this description of music; and even then such an effect as that produced by the Berlin Dom-Chor will be difficult of attainment.

Herr Dionys Pruckner, of Munich, played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat major, like an accomplished artist. It was greatly to be regretted that the excellently toned grand piano he used was not tuned to the pitch of the orchestra. This circumstance naturally weakened very much the effect of his playing. The orchestra, also, took matters too easily, and was not always exact. The kettle-drums completely marred the conclusion of the last movement, and the impression it produced could not be effaced by the brilliant manner in which the solo performer gave the final cadence. Altogether, Herr Pruckner succeeded best in the last movement; his execution of the *adagio* left the audience rather cold, while, despite all the purity and certainty of his performance, he did not always impart the requisite breadth and dignity to the magnificent first *allegro*. Concerning the proper mode of executing this concerto we entertain ideas completely different to those held by most pianoforte *virtuosi* of modern times, with the exception of Franz Liszt, who plays it with a classic repose, which in no way excludes heroic expression, but, on the contrary, heightens it. At the very introduction of the first movement we nearly always meet with an instance of false conception; the passages in it are not cadences in the ordinary sense of the word; they are integral component parts of the whole movement, as is sufficiently proved by their recurrence in the tempo of the second part. It is true that the execution of them is left by the composer to the performer, but only in so far as the latter conceives and renders them in conformity with the character and spirit of the whole movement, and not as the mere means of displaying technical skill.

Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm brought the first part of the concert to a close. It was better executed than any other piece in the whole programme. The chorus and orchestra worked well together; the tempo was always correct and appropriate, and the effect produced by several detached passages—such, for instance, as “Was war dir, o Meer;” “Vor dem Herrn bebte die Erde;” and the repetition of the first theme, “Da Israel aus Aegypten zog”—was grand and magnificent. The “Hallelujah” at the conclusion would, perhaps, have been improved by a little more fire and dash in the expression, though not in the tempo.

The second part commenced with Franz Schubert's grand symphony in C major. We cannot abstain from saying that the performance was an utter failure from beginning to end. We

never met with such exaggeration of all the *tempi*. The grounds on which this fact was justified by a zealous friend of, and co-operator in, the festivals, who resides in the neighbourhood, are too curious to be withheld from our readers. "There is no art required," he said, "to find fault with the false *tempi*; in the present instance, the conductors were perfectly right; the proper *tempo* should be observed with artists and amateurs; but, if we would introduce art among the people, everything must be taken more quickly." Who can successfully resist arguments of this kind?

It is impossible to say to what music will be reduced, if such a scampering through the notes is received as artistic execution! The pianoforte *virtuosi* of the last ten years have got to answer for a great deal. They were the first to take the *tempi* too quickly, for the purpose of displaying their digital skill, and I recollect perfectly well that one of the favourite phrases of admiration was, "And what a mad *tempo*!" Ay, mad, indeed, in the true sense of the word, even as regards that contagious principle inherent in every kind of folly. French criticism invented for it the word, "*enlever*," and was delighted if the pianist (another Parisian invention) rattled a piece off the keys in such a manner that nothing of it was left either in the ear or the heart. The mania gradually seized orchestral conductors, and when, in addition to this, literary men and democrats began, without possessing musical knowledge, to take the lead in music, we heard such observations as, "Our age is the age of rapid progress—the rate at which our blood rolls is quicker than its sluggish pace in the veins of our predecessors—we live more quickly!" As a natural result we were told that we must completely change walking (*andante*) into running; gaiety (*allegro*) into unbridled noise; and quickness (*presto*) into racing. To this we must add contempt for all that was old and had been handed down to us, ridicule of all traditions, and, therefore, of musical tradition; and, lastly, the theory advocating the right of the *subjective* conception of a classical work by the player or conductor.

In this manner we have gradually arrived at such monstrosities, as the manner in which Schubert's symphony was executed by Herr Hagen in Wiesbaden. We can only repeat what we have already said about it. In the very first *allegro*, the warning inscription "*ma non troppo*" was written in vain on the finger post pointing to the correct time; the pert strength of the dotted crotchet, and, with it, the entire character of the movement was lost, since the grace quaver could never come out with sufficient force. The rapidity, moreover, which transformed the wonderful *andante con moto* into a regular jig, was really revolting to every one who treasured in his heart the heavenly melodies of this piece. Similarly the *allegro vivace* of the *scherzo* became a *presto*, rendering a *staccato* of the quaver figures almost impossible. The worst treated, however, was the trio, in which, moreover, very little attention was paid to the expression, the *piano* being usually almost entirely ignored in the *forte piano*, which is here so frequently marked. But the *ne plus ultra* of insipid conception was furnished by the finale, *allegro vivace*, that is to say, according to the theory invariably followed by the conductor of the symphony, "as quickly as possible." It seems as if Herr Hagen wished to prove that rapidity is after all witchcraft. In our opinion, music ceases when such mad speed begins.

After the symphony, the chorus of priests from *Die Zauberflöte* fortunately restored our musical equanimity, while Handel's grand "Hallelujah," from the *Messiah*, concluded, in an imposing manner, and, strange to say, in correct *tempo*, the second festival-concert.

Concerning the proceedings of the third day, we append the account furnished by our esteemed Wiesbaden correspondent.

The festival on the Neroberg, one of the most charming spots in the lovely country round Wiesbaden, was something never witnessed here before. From two o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd flocked towards the hill. Numbers of carriages conveyed the fashionable world thither, while the other part of the community moved forward in various manners, on foot, on horseback, or mounted on donkeys. An inscription on a kind of triumphal arch, bade the singers "Welcome under the shady

roof." It was a people's festival, and, consequently, a popular tone predominated. All ranks were represented. Even the old master Spohr came. Wherever he set his foot, he was greeted by triple huzzas. On this occasion he became a "man of the people." About seven o'clock, the procession of the visitors, with music at their head, again reached the town, which was up and stirring.

At seven o'clock, the performance of Spontini's *Vestalin* commenced in the theatre. Herr Tichatschek Licinius was the only artist who rendered the performance a "festival" one. His voice is still fresh, strong, and equal; his style as bold and sure as ever; while his dramatic fire is still the same that for years has charmed the public. We are all acquainted with his peculiar declamation, which we overlook in favour of the genial singer. He has gone too far in this, ever to divest himself of his custom of dividing syllables, shortening notes instead, as Bader, Mantius, as well as Schneider, who was once here, and all great tenors have done, of connecting them a little more. He pulls and pushes them, and is not fond of submitting to the composer. (Subjective conception!)

In spite of this artist's fiery performance, the public was not particularly enthusiastic. Whether this fact was to be attributed to the increased prices of admission; the house decorated in a festive manner in honour of the third Middle-Rhenish Festival (as the bills announced), or the performance of the other articles; Heaven alone knows.

Madlle Lehmann, who played and sang Julia, Mdlle. Schönnchen (First Priestess of Vesta), and Herr Simon, evidently took pains to prove themselves "talented;" but the audience bestowed some faint applause only on a few of Julia's sighs. Herr Lipp (Pontifex Maximus) did full justice to his part, both as regarded the music and the declamation. The constant *tremulo*, the chuckling shakes, and the disagreeable notes in the upper register of Madlle. Lehmann's voice, her unpleasant screaming, her marble-like face, which is always the same, and her running backwards and forwards, without any object, on the stage, are truths which we will defend against this young lady, and of which we are obliged to remind her. That, as a native of Denmark, she does not speak better German, could not be urged as a reproach against her, were she singing in Rendsburg, Flensburg, or Kiel; but it is not everyone here who knows she is a foreigner, and, therefore, this defect produces a disagreeable impression. Mdlle. Schönnchen does not always sing in tune. She is too uncertain, and speaks rather with her hands and eyes than sings. To master such a part as that confided to her, she is deficient in power. Her voice may be well enough for unpretending songs, but not for dramatic singing. Herr Simon competes with Mdlle. Lehmann in the *tremulo*. He possesses good vocal powers, but he should learn to employ them in a more worthy manner. This would be attended by profit and honour both to art and himself. The dances, introduced by Mdlle. and Herr Opfermann, were, as usual, applauded.

HELMESLEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—In my letter published in your last, the first time the words "*Guardian Angels, now protect me*" occur (i. e., immediately under the line beginning thus, "page 40, Air 5," &c.), they should have been set up as a heading, as they there appear as the conventional name of a tune, and not a part of the following verses. The meaning of part of my letter is rendered obscure by this error.

At the beginning of the second paragraph, after the tune in B flat, the word *curious* is a misprint. It should have been *various*.

You will oblige me by correcting these errors in your next number.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W.,
November 8th, 1858.

MM. Blaes, Professor at the Conservatory, and Wieniawski, the violinist, achieved a great success at the Festival given at Wiesbaden, on the 27th September. These two celebrated artists gained universal approbation, and excited a perfect enthusiasm.

THE MAELSTROM EXPLORED.

(From the *Louisville Journal*.)

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but, at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville (Mr. W. C. Prentice) whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Prentice, the enterprising proprietor of the cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The ropes and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head, to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard, from his own lips, an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the end of the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope being ill-adjusted round his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit, and a hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe

seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labours, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

THE YANKEE CHARMER.

(From the *South Carolinian*.)

A TALL, bony, Yankee-looking foreigner, last from California, made his appearance with a box of snakes—rattle-snakes, moccasins, black snakes, vipers, &c. He collected a crowd around him, though at a respectful distance, and grasping with both hands a bunch of snakes, coiled them around his neck and thrust them into his bosom, as if they were strands of silk and cotton. Their twistings and turnings seemed to give him pleasure, while the bystanders were filled with very opposite emotions. He professes to tame his savage friends by mesmerism, and thus fights the rattlesnake with his own weapon.

Some in the crowd suggested that he should take a wild, untamed snake and show his power over it, which he agreed to do for twenty-five dollars. This sum was readily subscribed, and a rattlesnake, caught the day before, was soon procured. The operator examined him with some caution, but presently turned the box over and threw the venomous reptile upon the green sward. He kicked him about several times, caught him by the tail, and threw him back and forth, and finally seized it in the middle and held him at arms' length. The snake turned his head towards him, and their eyes met—the latter fixed his gaze steadily upon the snake and kept it so for several minutes, when he suddenly coiled it around his neck, thrust it in his bosom, as he had done the others, and the snake seemed entirely docile. Two days afterwards he repeated his experiment, for twenty dollars, on a large rattlesnake which had just been caught, and with similar results. A crowd of ladies, gentlemen, and children in the piazza of the hotel witnessed the singular exhibition. It was painful to behold, though the individual seemed to have the most entire confidence in his ability to control the horrid animals.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From a Correspondent).—A meeting of the General Committee was held last week, when the balance-sheet was presented. It is a most satisfactory document, and shows the following results:—

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
By sale of festival tickets	7,386	19	6
„ word-books and Svo. oratorios ...	187	18	0
By proceeds of People's Festival Concert ...	281	13	5
Donations	106	18	9
By sale of orchestra fittings, music, &c. ...	61	17	4
	£8,025	7	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Orchestral expenses (including principal singers, conductor, band, chorus, &c. ...	4,897	8	11
Printing, advertising, salaries, rent, &c. ...	1,127	18	1
Balance in Banker's hands	2,000	0	0
	£8,025	7	0

Resolutions were passed, expressing the thanks of the Committee to Messrs. W. Joy, G. Buckton, J. W. Atkinson, J. Piper, jun., and the three honorary secretaries, for their services in connection with the Festival; and the additional sum of twenty guineas was presented to Mr. Fred. Spark for his valuable services as secretary.

RE-OPENING OF AN ORGAN NEAR ROCHDALE.—The organ at Bamford Chapel, originally built by Renn, of Manchester, and lately enlarged by his successors, Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, was re-opened by Mr. W. H. D. Crowder, organist of Milton Church, Rochdale. He gave a selection from the works of Corelli, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., with two compositions, one extemporaneous, of his own.

RICHARD WAGNER ON "OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC."

(Vide a close translation in the Musical World.)

"Sweet tunes, wake him again,
Vice sits too heavy on his drowsy soul;
Music's sweet concord cannot pierce his ear.
Sing, and among your songs mix bitter scorn."

DECKER.

Richard Wagner, a German musician, maintains

That in music the world is all wrong;
That Rossini, Auber, and the rest have no brains,
For that *melody's* useless in song.

Good gracious! how shameful to swindle mankind,
Catch our ears in a musical trap;
What we thought then so charming turns out now we find
To be spurious, and not worth a rap.

We've been drinking small beer, which we took for champagne,
The Thames water could not be so vile;
After swallowing music like this we would fain
Blow up some one to settle our bile.

But who to begin with! Ah! that is the thing,
So many sin in the same line;
Beethoven, Mozart, Bishop, Balfie, such a string,
All thought in their way so divine.

We are puzzled completely, if Wagner be right,
What to say to these *muffs* great and small.
Now some one more learned than Wagner has said
He is mad! and knows nothing at all.

A German transcendent from dream-land he's dropt,
Where in clouds and in mist he once sat,
For the work he has written has even out-top'd
Swedenborg—hard enough to get at.

His similes take us quite out of our clothes,
Music first as—a woman—starts out,
And then as a *water-nymph*—naked she goes,
Like a lobster or sprat swims about.

She wants too a *soul*—though a musical maid,
Which proves her of Wagner's own breed;
How she lives—what's her food?—we are rather afraid
It is shell-fish mixed up with sea-weed.

Then something symbolical of the male kind
Comes in song this fair nymph to embrace,
And what he proposes if truly we find
Is marriage—though no parson we trace.

What this is to symbol is quite in the dark,
How related to music's not plain;
We try to get at it, but far from the mark
Go stumbling and groping in vain.

'Tis reported Herr Wagner once said with a smile,
"This age cannot judge what I'm at;"
And truly if we are to judge by his style
He has hit himself off very pat.

The foundation of music we always were taught
Was melody flowing so sweet,
And haunting the ear 'till at last it was brought
To the organs that grind in the street.

The conditions of melody plainly depend
On the wind—from the source whence it flows;
Thus we've classical, or common tunes without end,
As ev'ry musician well knows.

"Jim Crow" may be jump'd—"Nix my dolly, pals" sung;
"Jolly nose," too, may redden more bright
On Paul Bedford's face, as he loudly gives tongue,
Enchanting the gods of a night.

Then Weber has melted his soul into tears,
The refined and the learned to please,
At which Wagner takes huff, shakes his head, it appears
He can't listen, nor stand at his ease.

For his object is now to set all *tune* at nought;
His own operas show that, no doubt;
As no one who's heard them a tune ever caught,
Or were known to sit one of them out.

Dence take it! then, after all's said, it's clear,
Haydn still we may love and adore,
And Wagner kick'd out of the musical sphere,
As the Muff! or the great German bore.

Farewell, then, Professor, mysterious and sage,
Deprive music of melody pure;
Round the world you may roam—not "*the man of the age*,"
But the man that no *heart* can endure,

Revolutions get up, then, in lands far away,
In music we'll not have one here;
Old favourites we'll stick too, whose songs, *grave or gay*,
Have, by age, become sacred and dear.

Had we time to be moral and critical too,
There's cause; that we do not deny;
With the foreigners we may have so much to do,
We our *national* music pass by.

British artists—some few are well worthy regard,
Who draw out of Future's fair book,
While others, forgetting our language, try hard
To give it an outlandish look.

Arne, Purcell, and Shield, have left traces behind
Of sense that's united to sound;
Don't judge, then, from Fashion, who sometimes is blind,
And applaud, though the sense can't be found.

Young composers, take heed!—give the Italians due praise;
We won't take their merit away.
Draw from *national feeling* melodious lays—
Copy none—that's all we've got to say.

BELFAST—(From a Correspondent).—The first meeting for the season of the Anacreontic Society took place at the Music Hall on Thursday evening, the 4th inst. The orchestra, under the direction of the newly appointed conductor, Herr Leo Kerbush, performed Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, Mozart's symphony in E flat, Beethoven's overture to *The Men of Prometheus*, and Rossini's overture to the *Barbieri*. The annual election of officers for the season took place, and the following gentlemen were appointed: Mr. Briston, President; Messrs. J. C. Boyd, J. Musgrove, and W. T. Tracy, Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. H. Malcolm, Treasurer and Secretary; Mr. R. W. Dyke, Assistant Secretary.

NOTTINGHAM—(From a Correspondent).—At the second subscription concert of chamber music, on Friday evening the 5th November, 1858, the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet, Op. 18, in F, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby ... Mendelssohn.
Trio (noveletten), Op. 29, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Sheldermine, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby ... Gade.

PART II.

Quartet, Op. 12, in E flat, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby ... Mendelssohn, Bartholdy.
Trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. White, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby ... Hummel.

There was a large attendance—the ladies predominating. Great interest was evinced in the performance of the music, and Mendelssohn's soul-stirring quartet made a deep impression. It was played in a masterly manner, and the greatest acknowledgments are due to the talented leader.

A grand opera by M. Lebeau, the author of *Esmeralda*, will be produced next January, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It will be entitled *Le Sanglier des Ardennes*. The libretto, taken from Sir Walter Scott, is by M. C. Lebeau, brother of the composer.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of **MACBETH** can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. **CHARLES KEAN** as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH.
Tuesday and Thursday, **KING JOHN.** On Saturday will be revived **Shakespeare's Comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.** Preceded every evening by a **FARCE.**

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Continued and increasing success of "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE" and "MARITANA."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, will be produced Auber's favourite Opera, **THE CROWN DIAMONDS.** Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne (who will introduce Rode's celebrated Air, with Variations), Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. Henri Corri, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrot, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Brinley Richards' favourite ballad), "Oh whisper what thou feelest". On Tuesday and Friday (15th and 16th times) Balfe's highly successful opera, **THE ROSE OF CASTILLE.** Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison—On Thursday, **MARITANA.** Doz Cesar de Bazan (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Pyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

To conclude with (each evening) a new Ballet Divertissement, **Madlle. Zilla Michelet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale.**

Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past,

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, November 13, will be presented the drama of **THE RED VIAL!** To be followed by the comedy of **LADIES BEWARE.** To conclude with **TO OBLIGE BENSON.**

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

EVERY EVENING at Eight o'clock.—On Monday next, a Mendelssohn Night. Twelfth appearance of the celebrated Violinist, **M. WIENIAWSKI.** First appearance of the celebrated Pianist, **Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.** Vocalists, **Miss STABBAUGH** and **Miss LOUISA VINNING.** "The Fern Leaves" Voice. "The Kiss Polka." Grand Operatic Selection from **DER FREISCHUTZ.** M. Jullien's Annual **BAL MASQUE,** on Monday, December 13th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Madame Celeste in her triple character in **THE FRENCH SPY.** Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Flexmore, Madlle. Auriol every evening. **THE FRENCH SPY** is, as was anticipated, the decided hit among all metropolitan productions of the season, and has fully realised all that could be expected, even from the revival after twenty years of one of the most exciting and favourite pieces ever represented, when one of the most exciting and favoured of artists reappears in the triple part in which she acquired so great a share of her brilliant reputation. All hearts and voices were ready to welcome, all hands to applaud. **THE FRENCH SPY** will necessarily be repeated every evening. The Grand Ballet of **THE SPANISH DANCERS,** in which Mr. Flexmore and Madlle. Auriol had the honour of performing before the Queen of Spain, at the Pantheon in Madrid, in July, 1857, and received Her Majesty's complimentary approbation.

DEATHS.

On the 1st instant, Mr. F. W. Allcroft, the well-known musical entrepreneur, suddenly, much regretted by a large circle of friends.

On the 1st instant, after a few minutes' illness, on entering Drury Lane Theatre, to take his place in the orchestra, Mr. W. Blagrove, brother of our most eminent violinist, Mr. W. H. Blagrove, and for many years member of the Philharmonic and Opera bands, as second violin. Mr. W. Blagrove had long been labouring under disease of the heart, so that his death, though almost sudden, was not altogether unexpected.

On the 5th inst., Mr. William Bayley, Vicar-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, and late organist of St. John's, Southwark.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORSHIPPER OF RACHEL.—The following is an extract from the rhapsodical essay to which our Correspondent alludes. (We cannot find the remainder):—

"Taking up the tail of our last week's talk about Ristori, and making a head of discourse of it this week, she has since appeared twice as Mary Stuart, in an Italianised version of Schiller's tragedy of that name. Her personation of the luckless and lovely Caledonian Queen is quite as wonderful in its way as that of the Colchian regality, Medea, only the way itself is not so wonderful. She has comparatively little to do, though the doing of it takes a still longer time, extending over three mortal hours, and one hundred and thirty-nine pages of letterpress, not a semicolon of which is omitted, for every character speaks every word set down; and as it is all speaking, and little or no action, the effect is somnific exceedingly when Ristori is off the stage. The tragedy being wooden it is not out of keeping that the

other performers should be sticks; but assuredly they are gold sticks in waiting. Never did mimic courtiers appear more really courtly. The Leicesters, Talbots, and Mortimers of history stand before us, as far as red-heeled shoes, velvet slashed doublets, lace ruffles, jewels, and all Planchifiedly correct costly costume are concerned; and the general look and make up of the men are marvellous; especially a Signor Tessero, whose *tableau vivant* of Cecil is a miracle of mediæval tailory and trimmings. Then the Elizabeth, Madame Barracani, is the very *beau ideal* of the terrible Tudor, as far as mantua-makers could construct her into the needful resemblance, the only discrepancy being that the stage queen was considerably too handsome for her historical prototype. She appears in three different dresses, each a paragon of millinery;—one, the full-robed state attire of the sovereign in the royal closet, purple, and crimson, and splendour, truly majestic to behold; the next a hunting dress, the maiden monarch looking a middle-aged Diana to the life, only Diana didn't wear a three-feet tail to her petticoat; the third, an intermediate sort of habiliment, between a ball-room and toxophilite rig. As for Ristori's appearance it was all over that of the beauteous Stuart familiar to the mind's eye of every real visionary, and a visionary who is not real has no more retrospective contemplation in his optic than a crab. Judging from the papers, and the praise they bestow on the scene—a truly amazing one, no doubt—where she submerges the daughter of Anne Boleyn in a scalding hot flood of Billingsgate, you would infer that fury is her forte; and a first-rate fury she certainly is—at once celestial and demoniac, as all thorough-breds of that stamp ought to be. But to judge of her real omnipotence over the feelings, she must be contemplated in the parting with her maids before the execution. Every man, woman, and child, fiddler, lamp-lighter, check-taker, ay, policeman, in the house on Wednesday night were in tears during the whole of this; and, perhaps, the same quantity of pocket-handkerchiefs never went through the same exercise within a like period, in theatrical annals at any rate. The wonder of it all was that she produced these effects on the audience without any of those violent transports on her own part which usually extort such homage to the tragic muse. Dr. McNeile is now in London, preaching to-morrow for one of the charities. It is to be hoped he won't go to see her Mary on Monday night, for there is a scene even more affecting than either of these, and which might touch even his orthodoxy; and that is the confessional. It is given at great length, and with a picturesque fervour that, considering the aspect of the penitent, is quite enough to popularise idolatry, always provided that the idols were Ristori, and then there would be no great difficulty in justifying the adoration, even though the worshipper should be Archbishop of Canterbury."

MELODIST.—The review to which our correspondent alludes appeared in *The Athenæum.* We subjoin it:—

"Sleep, my babe, sleep."—"Barney O'Hea: Irish Ballad." By Samuel Lover. (Chappel and Co.)—Mr. Lover, we apprehend, comes by some of his melodies as Moore and Haynes Bayly—not to speak of the Bérats and Nadauds across the water—came by theirs. Some one good turn (to adapt the well-known proverb) suggests another; and the phrase of some wandering peasant's ditty which has been caught on the banks of Blackwater or Shannon, or in that square, 'Muryan Squere,' where Colonel O'Dowd courted Mrs. Major O'Dowd, being imperfectly remembered, comes out, after a lapse of years, completed and newly dressed, as 'The Angel's whisper,' or 'The Low-backed Car,' or 'The Snow,' or other popular favourite. As we have frequent occasion to point out, the number of tunes that grow is legion; the list of tunes that have been born would be shorter than the alphabet. Mr. Lover's words rarely fail of being graceful, good to sing and pleasant to say. Of the two ballads before us, we like the sentimental one the best. The comical one, 'Barney O'Hea,' will hardly depose its predecessor, 'Molly Bawn,' and a good half-dozen beside of the airy, sweet songs which have already proved their author to be a true Irish melodist."

AN ANCIENT "CAFFRE."—This paragraph (*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 18) was as subjoined:—

CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE.—The proprietorship of this well-known establishment has recently been undertaken by Mr. W. J. Wilde, a gentleman universally respected in the theatrical profession as treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre. Last night an inauguration dinner was given, at which about a hundred and fifty guests assembled, including many persons distinguished for their literary and histrionic attainments. Mr. Buckstone was the chairman, and Mr. Keeley the vice-chairman. After an ample banquet, the usual loyal toasts were given by the popular lessee with such graceful emphasis and appropriate expression as might be justly envied by many a parliamentary and civic official. The reception accorded to Mr. Buckstone, and the fruits of his eloquence, was of

the most enthusiastic character, and a humorous speech, in which he proposed the health of the proprietor, and success to his new undertaking, was welcomed with turbulent demonstrations of approval. After Mr. Wilde had returned thanks in a grateful and becoming manner, Mr. Keeley proposed the health of Mr. Buckstone, and paid a well-timed tribute of admiration to his professional ability. Mr. Buckstone subsequently returned the compliment in a strain of eulogy well deserved by the subject of the toast, and the entire proceedings and arrangements were throughout the evening productive of the most pleasant and satisfactory results. Mr. Harker officiated as toast-master, and an efficient vocal corps contributed to the entertainment of the visitors."

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1858.

THE winter musical season is about to commence in downright earnest. Some apathetic amateurs (mild "*fanatics*") might object that M. Jullien's concerts at the Lyceum, and the operatic performances at Drury Lane, afforded more than enough of musical entertainment for the months immediately preceding Christmas. But in that case they would take a very narrow glance at a remarkably wide subject. Tertullian makes an apt remark about some bigot who could only understand the absolute necessity of religion from his own particular point of view; but, not having Sir E. Lytton's *Claxtons* at hand, we are unable to cite the passage (our memory being far from as retentive as that of "my father").

Music, like religion, presents a variety of phases; and these phases illustrate the intuition and belief of a variety of sects—all harmonious in themselves, though discordant when brought in contact with each other. First there is the Hanover-square phase, which is illuminated by the Philharmonic; then there is the St. James's Hall phase, representing many phases in one—from the New Philharmonic (professing to oppose no other institution, and in direct opposition to the "Old") to the Vocal Association (the members of which amuse themselves during the vacation by calling each other bad singers, and other hard names, in the columns of *The Musical Gazette*), and lastly, the Musical Union (the director of which, while recommending silence as the fittest homage that can be paid to music, will never be silent on the subject of his own musical merits); then we have the St. Martin's Hall phase, which is double-sided, combining secular and sacred music, with Mr. Hullah as Oracle on either surface; and, finally, (not to get quite lost in the labyrinth of musical institutions, of the flourishing or non-flourishing existence of which this huge metropolis has more or less reason to be satisfied or dissatisfied)—finally, we have the Exeter Hall phase, most nobly identified with the Sacred Harmonic Society, which we trust may not be disheartened by the temporary flight of its soul* to the glass palace at Sydenham. Well, all these, and countless other phases, stand for London, in the visionary musical parliament, which, instead of a shadow, should of right be a substance; and all these phases, or most of them, will shortly be exhibited with renewed brightness for the edification of London amateurs.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Hullah leads the way in his own St. Martin's Hall—freshly (and as we hear, superbly) decorated—with a performance of Mendelssohn's not yet fully appreciated *St. Paul*. On the evening of the 26th (Friday week), the Sacred Harmonic Society inaugurate their twenty-seventh season (somewhat modestly, we think),

* Mr. Bowley.

with Haydn's *Creation*. Early in December, Mr. Benedict gives three grand concerts in St. James's Hall, for which, we understand, the most distinguished artistic celebrities, vocal and instrumental, are already engaged—and among the most distinguished, Miss Arabella Goddard, as pianist. These are only a few of the coming events that have already cast their shadows before. Mr. Henry Leslie, we presume, is also arming himself for the fight, and projecting new triumphs for his "Choir," new tasks (Herculean tasks, under the circumstances) for the band of the Amateur Musical Society, who—when enough of game has been bagged, and enough of fish hooked, to sustain the reputation of members as sportsmen and anglers—will doubtless come back eager to rehearse, for the 13th time, the overtures and symphonies they are pretty sure (unhappy Mr. Henry Leslie!), for the 13th time, to have forgotten.

Now, too, is the period of M. Jullien's "nights," or "Festivals," when Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Weber reign supreme during whole "parts" or "acts"—to the veritable enchantment of M. Jullien's most musical patrons; and to conclude, in the middle of December the Pyne and Harrison company migrate from Catherine-street to Bow-street, with the music of Mr. Balfe's anxiously expected new opera in their heads and at their fingers' ends.

So that we were not far wrong in saying that "the winter musical season is about to commence in downright earnest." All we hope is that it may be fruitful, and, through the multiplicity of its "phases," advance the cause of art and the well-being of art's professors—enlighten and purify the taste, no less than tickle the ears, of the public.

THE late Mr. Charles Mathews, in the course of one of his "At Homes," used to tell a story about an unfortunate *gourmand*, who, having bought the prize-ox at Smithfield, did not know what to do with his acquisition. The beast was a nuisance, when alive, but, nevertheless, was too fat to kill. Moreover there was something like malice in its disposition; for when its master gazed on it in silent despair, it would roll its big dull eyes towards him, as much as to say, "You've got me, and d—e you shall keep me."

The position of the proprietors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is analogous to that of the unfortunate purchaser of the prize-ox. They are in possession of the biggest house in the country—all made of glass, too—and they don't know what in the world to do with it. Originally it was intended to answer the purposes of a museum, stored with curiosities of industry and art; and, to a certain extent, inheriting the attractive power of the old palace of 1851; though the resemblance between the two exhibitions is more superficial than real. The Hyde Park Palace brought together specimens of every country's industry, and thus far represented the condition of the industrial world seven years ago. The objects collected in the Sydenham Palace, on the other hand, mainly consist of casts taken from original works of art, and of modern imitations of antique architecture. To rank the Sydenham Palace with the British Museum, the depository of real antiquities, would be clearly absurd. Scarcely less absurd would it be to rank the Assyrian Court at Sydenham with the *Sardanapalus* produced during the height of the Layard furor by Mr. Charles Kean. Both in the palace and in the theatre, mere copy work was shewn to the public; but at the theatre the Assyrian men, as well as the buildings, were imitated, whereas mere architecture was deemed enough to satisfy the patrons of the palace. From its magnitude

the great house in Sydenham acquires, of course, a distinctive character; but if we regard the feeling to which it appeals, we should rather compare it to Mad. Tussaud's Saloon in Baker-street than to any other institution in this metropolis.

Somehow or other the Crystal Palace has arrogated to itself a sort of national character, and what is more surprising, its singular claim has been acknowledged by persons who ought to have known better. If the Bishop of London had consecrated the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel prior to its opening, a fortnight since, all the world would have been scandalized; yet when the Archbishop of Canterbury inaugurated with prayer the great glass show-box at Sydenham—the property of a few private individuals—this strange departure from all recognized precedent was regarded as perfectly natural and correct. When the liberal party, who would furnish the working classes with rational amusement on Sunday, make a demonstration, they petition Parliament to allow the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace. The part of the petition that relates to the Museum and the Gallery is right enough: the whole nation craves to see a collection of works that are the nation's property. But why assign this post of honour to the Crystal Palace? Does its size alone entitle it to privileges that ought to be equally accorded to Mad. Tussaud and the Industrious Fleas?

That the Sydenham Palace, in its capacity of a museum, does not answer expectations, no one knows better than the proprietors. The big house is unprofitable if devoted to the purpose for which it was built, and therefore it must be treated, no longer as a museum, but simply as a great empty building, to be filled up with any treasures or any rubbish that circumstances may offer. To turn it into a concert-room, the statues are concealed by benches, but the statues have proved unserviceable, and therefore they may be considered as non-existent. All those courts, about which there was so much talk when the palace was newly opened, and which were to convert every bricklayer's labourer into an antiquarian, are now only so many nooks into which people may crawl by way of a change: but the real attractions are flower-shows, poultry-shows, bird-shows, holiday tomfooleries, and commemorative festivals. It is only a question of time when the august palace will be the seat of a cattle-show.

Being run aground for want of a topic of the day susceptible of crystalline commemoration, the managers, a short time ago, raked up the old Crimean war, and took it into their heads to give a Balaklava *fête*, to which all soldiers decorated with Crimean medals were admitted free, thus answering the purpose of decoy-ducks for them who had to pay. The Balaklava *fête* proved a "hit;" so, on Friday, the 5th instant, it was followed up by an Inkermann festival, which was likewise successful. To spice these festivals, out-door amusements were provided, among which, wrestling in the Cumberland and West-country styles held a conspicuous place. In former times, the Eagle Tavern in the City Road was the place appropriated to this kind of "manly sport;" but now Mr. B. O. Conquest has obtained his theatrical licence, he will of course avoid anything so decidedly plebeian. The Crystal Palace, which engages Punch's show on Easter Monday, can afford to do what every proprietor of a tea-garden would look upon as derogatory, and yet preserve its respectability. We often wonder that the heroes of the prize-ring do not take benefits at Sydenham.

Why a festival on the 5th of November was allowed to pass over without some allusion to the Gunpowder Plot, we

cannot, for the life of us, make out. The Archbishop of Canterbury reading the service for the day, a stupendous Guy Fawkes, consumed by ignited tar-barrels, and a copious supply of squibs and crackers, would have formed an exhibition quite in the Sydenham taste.

MR. WILLERT BEALE'S TOUR.—Mr. Willert Beale has organised a provincial tour, to commence about the end of January, and to include the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. His party is strong and attractive, comprising Mad. Viardot Garcia, Miss Eyles, Sig. Luchesi, Sig. Dragone, and Mr. J. L. Hatton (vocalists); Sig. Regondi (concertina), and Miss Arabella Goddard (pianist). Accompanist and conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Charles Mathews took his benefit on Saturday, when a new drama, entitled *The Tale of a Coat*, writ in conjunction, by Dr. Franks, a Teutonic, and Mr. W. Brough, a true Briton, was produced. Now the drama is a drama of merit, well conjectured, well put together, and, verily, pointed, if not sparkling, in the dialogue. *The Tale of a Coat*, however, does not seem to have pleased universally. Some take exceptions to it on the ground that the "tale" is much too long—*talis longa est*, as the scholiast hath it; while others again nibble at it for its want of originality, alleging that the incidents and characters are as old as the hills; and others, more general and less rational, discover all sorts of objections. For ourselves, we think the title is a misnomer, and that the piece should be called *The Tale of a Despatch*, as the document, not the garment, is the pivot upon which the plot turns. If we were inclined to copy *Punch*, and be witty for the occasion, we might turn the name to good account, and declare boldly and authoritatively, in the Panchian tone, that the author when christening his drama *The Tale of a Coat* evidently intended to call it *Collar of a Coat*, since the paper which constitutes the gist of the piece is concealed in the collar and not in the tail. Here is a brilliant chance for Mr. Punch, who, no doubt, will take the hint from us, as he has done more than once before, without acknowledgment. We make him a present of it without the least hesitation. The drama had very little attraction for us, so much were we taken with Mr. Charles Mathews's life-like and vivacious acting, which kept the audience in a right merry mood from rise to fall of the curtain. It struck us, nevertheless, that the principal character would be better suited to an Irishman than any other country-man, and visions of poor Power, in the *Irish Ambassador* and in the *Irish Attorney*, rose to our mind's eye, as Mr. Charles Mathews, like Donati's comet through the northern sky, swept through his part brilliantly, with all the Haymarket telescopes directed against him. The audience were delighted with the actor, but had not quite made up their minds about the authors. Actors, by the way, are treated by the public with more leniency than authors; since, while few persons think they are qualified for the stage, everybody thinks he can write a play. Thus, while we often witness a piece of undoubted merit meet with a condemnatory fate, we seldom see a performer who has not plenty of friends to shield his faults, even should the public take pains to discover them. Perhaps the secret lies in the supposition that the one only strives to amuse, while the other endeavours to instruct—and none of us likes to be threatened with a rod.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. W. E. Evans will give a musical performance at the above Hall on Saturday evening next, on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss Eliza Hughes, as vocalist, Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), Mr. R. Clementi (violin), and Mr. W. Adams (harmonium), as instrumentalists. In the course of the evening, Mr. Evans will introduce his "Improved Harmonium," an instrument, it is said, admirably adapted to accompany the voice, and also capable of effective combination with other instruments.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

WHEN Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison announced Auber's *Crown Diamonds* at Drury-lane, we were fond in hopes that they would have taken a lesson from experience, and have profited by the sound advice so generously tendered them by the press when the opera was performed last year at the Lyceum. Neither manageress nor manager could have been ignorant of the error committed, and as M. Flotow, in the production of his *Martha*, was treated with such extreme respect, and his score honoured as though it were that of Mozart, we naturally concluded that the illustrious French composer, now at least, would have the same reverence paid to him, and that the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great master would escape the disfigurements of last season. Much to our surprise, nevertheless, the opera was rendered almost precisely as at the Lyceum, and not a semblance of reason offered for so strange a persistence in a course at once needless and impolitic. Rebollo, as before, sang Mr. Tully's "Muleteer song;" Mr. Harrison introduced Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad; and Miss Louisa Pyne wound up with Rode's "Air and variations." Mr. Tully's song, in the situation, has no meaning whatsoever; Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, although graceful and effective, is as unlike Auber as it possibly can be; while the "Air and Variations" is still more out of place and more discordant, since it has no connection, right or wrong, with the story, and cannot be wrested to any congruity. That Mr. Harrison sings the ballad earnestly, and Miss Louisa Pyne warbles Rode's air like a perfect Philomel, is no answer at all to the objection. Neither the music of Mr. Brinley Richards, nor of Rode, was wanting to render Auber's opera attractive. Mr. Harrison might, perhaps, have grumbled that he had only one air to sing, seeing that his admirers and the music-publishers are invariably anxious to hear two or more; but Miss Louisa Pyne is not left even this excuse, since the music of Caterina is enough for the most exacting *prima donna*, and the fair artist has abundant opportunity throughout the performance of exhibiting the remarkable fluency and brilliancy of her singing. Nor is the fact that the interpolations created a great effect to be pleaded in extenuation. An audience is sure to applaud a good ballad well sung under any conditions whatever; and Miss Louisa Pyne could not fail to produce an immense impression in Rode's "Air," even though she introduced it—we were going to say, into the middle of the *Messiah*. The general public is as easily "led by the ear as asses are," and we do not believe for one moment—having numberless proofs to the contrary—that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison think only of that part of their auditory who have no other care besides having their external senses tickled. In conclusion, let us assure the lady and gentleman that so well is the *Crown Diamonds* executed just now under their control, so capital is the chorus, and so perfect the band, that no extra stimulant whatever is wanting at the beginning, middle, or end of the opera. We, ourselves, should have heard the performance at Drury-lane more than once with infinite pleasure, but for the positive infliction—under the circumstances—of Mr. Tully's song, Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, and Rode's "Air." Were Tully Cicero himself; Brinley Richards, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and Rode, the Colossus that warned all managers—we mean, all mariners, from shipwreck—it could not alter our opinion. Were the performance one of mediocrity, we should not have cared for a few blots and blemishes. Were Auber a composer of secondary talent, we should not have felt chagrined. Were Miss Louisa Pyne an artist of no pretensions, we should hardly have troubled ourselves with writing this article.

THE BURNS CENTENARY FESTIVAL.—Colonel and Major Burns, sons of the poet, have accepted the invitation of the committee of the approaching festival in Glasgow. Samuel Lover, Esq., has intimated his acceptance of a similar invitation. It appears, from the New York papers just received, that the Burns Club of that city are making great preparations for the approaching centenary, and have resolved to make it a national affair. They have further offered a prize for a poem, to celebrate the event.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

It was unfortunate that M. Jullien, when giving the "Farewell" Concerts—which we again hope does not mean his "Last"—should have been compelled to fall back upon a smaller theatre than any one of those to which he was wont to invite the public for the last twenty years. The Lyceum, in fact, is capable of holding little more than half the applicants for places who daily and nightly besiege the box office and various inlets of the theatre, while that part of the house, before, behind and around the orchestra, erroneously denominated the "promenade," is filled by a dense crowd. Care is taken, however, that the crowd is not oppressive, and consequently M. Jullien, since the opening night, has been spared the necessity of making any more energetic harangues in order to quell the disturbances originated by unmusical or inebriated "gents." The visitors are now enabled to pay the strictest attention to the music, while M. Wieniawski and Herr Reichert are no longer interrupted in their most brilliant solos.

The success of M. Wieniawski increases with each performance. He has indeed made a tremendous "hit," and has already become one of the musical "lions" of the day in London. Among other pieces which he played during the week we may notice Ernst's splendid fantasia from *Otello*, and a solo of his own upon Russian airs, both of which have created a *furor*.

The selection from *Il Trovatore* has given way to a selection from *Der Freischütz*—to the musical part of the audience a great change for the better. The selection has been made and adapted with more than usual felicity and skill, by M. Jullien. It commences with the overture, and comprises nearly all the favourite airs of the opera. We say "nearly all" since to include "all" would be to give the music throughout. Mr. Pratten, the flautist, plays the air, "Thro' the forest, thro' the meadows"—one of the most exquisite tenor airs ever written—and plays it admirably. Mr. Hughes executes on the ophicleide—not unwieldily in his hands—Caspar's drinking song, with magical effect; while M. Duhem, the acknowledged successor of König on the cornet, performs the slow movement of the famous *scena*, "Before my eyes behold him," with surprising clearness and beauty of tone. Nor is the chorus idle. The "Huntsmen's chorus" is sung nightly, and seldom escapes an encore. Moreover, a part of the incantation scene is included. The selection from *Der Freischütz*, in short, is one of the most attractive we have heard, and its success cannot fail to direct M. Jullien's attention to other operas of sterling worth.

Sig. Verdi has received another "cut" in the rejection of the cavatina from the *Trovatore* by Miss Louisa Vinning, who substitutes Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark," and sings it by the way, much more satisfactorily than the Italian song. The new "Fern Waltz," is honoured nightly with an encore, and the new song, "I'm a laughing Zingarella," seldom escapes receiving the same compliment. Nor must we forget the "Hymn of Universal Harmony," which, as we augured last week, has grown into increased favour with the public, and nightly shares the applause bestowed on the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia."

M. Jullien has announced his Grand Annual Bal Masqué for the 13th of December.

CONSTERNATION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
(From Punch.)

TIME—A little after Nine o'Clock.

The Prince. Phipps, what strange noise is that? It must be thunder.

The K. C. B. No; may it please your Royal Highness, it is the "Universal Harmony" that's being played at the Lyceum.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has announced a Grand Concert at Exeter Hall, to take place on Monday evening, the 13th of next month, in which she will make her first appearance for several years before an English public. If Madame Bishop be, as we are assured, in the full possession of her powers, she cannot fail to make a deep impression upon her audience.

MUST WE ALL SING?

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

For some time past, a very unusual amount of earnest attention has been directed to the subject of congregational singing, as distinguished from the vocal performances of a select body of singers, paid or unpaid, recognised as a choir. There is a widespread feeling, not simply in one section or denomination, but pervading nearly the whole of the Christian community, that it is desirable to attain something like universality in the musical utterances of divine worship. The want of this universality, or at least of an approach to it, is perhaps often spoken of by individuals who yet make no serious attempts to supply the deficiency by contributing their personal quotas, not of money but of voice. Many a man may complain that the people in his church do not sing; and, at the same time, act, or rather refrain from action, as though he were apprehensive that his own participation in the exercise would *soil his throat*. Numerous clergymen, however, have taken up the matter with determined zeal; and they have made, and are still making, strenuous efforts to attain the object. Some of them call their congregations together, stately, for musical drill; and set them a good example by their own presence and participation in the *fag*—for such it unquestionably is. It would be easy to cite several instances of this kind within the city of New York. Others preach at their people, lecture them, exhort them, and so endeavour to stir up the musical fire which is supposed to be latent within them; then give out a psalm or hymn, and possibly when it is sung may be fortunate enough, besides the stock voices of the choir, to detect those of some six or eight members of the congregation, out of an assemblage of perhaps as many hundreds.

After all, it is generally conceded that a *choir* of some sort is needed, if for no other purpose, to constitute a nucleus for congregational singing. It is true, nevertheless, that where congregational singing has attained what may be termed a permanent establishment, and where *the very same tunes are sung from "generation to generation,"* as in the Lutheran churches in Germany, the sound of an organ alone may suffice to start the voices of the multitude; and a choir, as such, may be often entirely dispensed with. But this is under peculiar circumstances, and such an experiment tried in an ordinary American congregation would prove very far indeed from equally successful. A choir here is necessary to *lead*, if no more; although the choir may be in some cases represented by a single stentorian voice, as in some Presbyterian congregations.

Now the members of the choir, where there is one, may be presumed to know more about music than any of the rest of the people; and to be able to manage creditably that which is plain and simple, even if they do not feel competent to execute any elaborate composition. But, unhappily, it is not always so. Sometimes the choir itself stands woefully in need of instruction. The condition of the church music under such circumstances must be dismal indeed; for, if even a small choir cannot be got to perform the duty decently, congregational singing can never *begin*. A case in point will not be unacceptable. A country clergyman, himself a gentleman of more than ordinary musical acquirements, thus writes from some such benighted district—

"I am located in a very unmusical region, and find much difficulty in getting a plain chant done respectfully in my church. Drilling is of no use, and I am obliged to let things take their course. Last winter we employed a 'Singing Master' to *teach the elements* (as people say)—though I think the 'elements' understand their duty well enough. However, our friend taught the elements; and we have had pretty dry weather in the gallery ever since. I was amused with his ingenious advice to certain members of the class in regard to the most convenient method of hitting an accidental sharp:—'If it is C sharp, for instance, just raise up your voice to D, first of all, and then let it *slip down* somewhat considerable, and you'll come right.' You see, from this, that we are in a state of great advancement, so far as intonation goes; having gone far beyond the Diatonic, Chromatic and Enharmonic Scales, and begin to practise in the 'Sliding Scale.'"

The letter from which this amusing extract is taken, bears date as recently as January 25, 1858; and the accomplished writer, it is hoped, will kindly forgive the liberty which has

been taken in citing so much of it. But such a musical anecdote is too good to be confined to mere private circulation. Such an incident, it is fairly presumable, could occur only in a peculiarly obfuscated musical atmosphere. There is commonly a pretty good sprinkling of musical knowledge and taste of some sort among the members of every congregation; and it is the object of the clergymen who have taken the matter in hand, to render these available for the purposes of public devotion. A laudable design truly, but probably hitherto not crowned, in most instances, with so much success as was desired, deserved, or expected.

There are hindrances in the way of the attainment of the object sought; hindrances of a physical nature; hindrances of a moral kind; hindrances generated by pride or prejudice, and fostered by custom and fashion; hindrances occasioned by want of uniformity of views and wishes, with regard to the style of music which should be cultivated; hindrances arising from defective or vicious education, conducted possibly in the absence of any musical element; to say nothing of that main hindrance, the ever present spirit of freedom and independence which refuses to bow with implicit submission to any autocratic authority, without which submission the musical operations of a multitude can never be harmoniously conducted. There is, therefore, much to struggle against, before any good congregational singing can be attained. Besides knowing or recognising, and possibly *liking*, the music (and much depends upon the latter), they must be both able and willing to sing it. This implies a great deal. Many possibly are able enough, but not willing, to sing. Others probably are willing enough, but professedly not able. And some there may be at once able and willing, but put to silence because they either do not know or do not like the music; or possibly because they prefer to hear others sing, which cannot so well be done when singing oneself. How are all these parties to be brought into harmonious co-operation?

There seems to be underlying the attempts now making to get up congregational singing a settled conviction of the truth of the two following propositions:—1. All people *can* sing; or at least might learn to sing. 2. All people *ought* to sing in the services of the church. But these are not self-evident truths. At all events, there are people, good people too, who may feel very much disposed to question such statements, and who would allow them only in a qualified sense; the qualifications taking away their point, and reducing them from general to specific propositions.

On the other hand, the advocates of congregational singing assume both the stringency of the duty and the capacity to perform it. But it were vain to pile up "singing books," and institute drilling parties, if people generally are not convinced that they are able to sing, and that it is their duty to do so. Some observations upon these two points may not be amiss, but they shall be reserved for another occasion. Meanwhile, it may be noted as a curious and somewhat problematical circumstance, that one effect of really general and hearty singing is to silence, one by one, the voices of the very individuals who most delight in it; the cause being their desire to *hear* and enjoy the volume of sound produced by those around them. This is by no means unusual; but it is evident that if it were the universal, or even the very general, effect of congregational singing, it must destroy itself. If all listen, where will be the singers? And it is not very easy to hear what is going on, when making any considerable effort to add to the general product of sound. Upon this fact, an argument may be built in favour of *antiphonal* singing, or singing by turns or interchange; but that is not now under consideration. It may come up hereafter.

An apt illustration of the *silencing* effect upon sensitive minds, produced by hearing the grand roar of an assembled multitude when heartily engaged in singing a well-known tune, is given by the Rev. W. E. Dickinson, M.A., in his little pamphlet entitled *A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, on Congregational Singing in Parish Churches*. He says:—

"Occasionally we have the happiness of hearing that noble composition, the Old Hundredth tune congregationally sung. I say, we have the happiness of hearing it; and happiness of

a high order it is to join in the time-honoured strain with an united congregation. I cannot easily forget the impression made on my own mind by the unanimous singing of this old tune at the opening of a church. First, the well-known, familiar melody stole upon the ear from the soft organ; then, all uprising, a numerous choir began in unison, 'With one consent,' massive chorals, and majestic volumes of harmony rolled forth from the glorious instrument: at the second line, the choir seemed to be reinforced by hundreds of additional voices; at the second verse, the idea of a 'choir' was lost—the choir was commensurate with the congregation; every lip moved, every voice joined; the clergy in the chancel, the children in the transept, the poor from the almshouse, all helped to raise that strain which, I freely confess, had an effect wholly overpowering upon myself. I WAS SILENT, but I seemed alone in my silence; the joy of such a moment was too great for utterance; never did I feel so strongly, as at that moment, the majesty of holy song."

Mr. Dickson then proceeds to quote the well-known anecdote narrated by "Master Mace," as to the effect produced upon his mind at York Minster, in 1644; when, in a metrical psalm, the "vast concordant unity of the whole congregational chorus came thundering in," which filled him with "unutterable ravishing soul's delight," in which he was "so transported, and wrapt up into high contemplations, that there was no room left in his whole man, viz., body, soul, and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

Father Mace, in his book called *Musick's Monument*, from which the above extract was taken, does not inform us whether, upon the occasion alluded to, he himself sang or not; the probability, however, is very strong that he, like Mr. Dickson, was charmed into joy "too great for utterance," and so was silent. Under similar circumstances, it is not an uncommon case; and thus it comes to pass that the warmest advocates of congregational singing, when the thing is casually attained (as it now and then may be upon peculiar and extraordinary occasions, such as ordinations, consecrations, dedications, and missionary meetings; when *picked congregations*, all more than ordinarily interested in the proceedings of the day, are brought together), are perhaps the very first to close their lips, in order to the greater enjoyment of the "vast concordant unity of the whole congregational chorus."

ODE TO M. JULLIEN.

(From *Punch*.)

AND must you leave us, Jullien? must we wander
Through life's hard pathway tuneless and alone
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
'Midst savages in regions little known.
What shall we have to cheer us when November
Oppresses us with fogs and spleen galore,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember
On Timbuctoo's inhospitable shore?
Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your concert-room in far Penang,
Fair Jetty Treffz is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury-lane she sang.
And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar
Think you, for Verdi's *Miserere* care?
And do you think the notes of great Beethoven
Will feast the soul of greasy Quashyboo?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast of you.
Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us by whom you are adored?
If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear Mons. your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

BRIXTON.—(From a Correspondent).—The Amateur Musical Society gave its first concert for the season, on Wednesday evening, at the New Hall, Brixton. Mr. Boosé, as usual, presided as conductor. The instrumental music consisted of Mozart's overture to *Così fan Tutti*, and Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 11, and Meyerbeer's March from *Le Prophète*, all of which were given with spirit and precision. The vocalists were Miss S. Cole and Mr. Morgan. The former sang "Robert toi que j'aime" and other pieces with much artistic feeling, and in one instance deservedly received an encore. Mr. Morgan, a young but promising tenor, possessing a very agreeable voice, but requiring a little more energy, sang several pieces, and appeared to please the audience. The Society has materially increased its orchestral force, and bids fair to become an important institution. The hall has been fitted up with much taste, besides being carpeted and furnished. The whole entertainment, indeed, partakes quite of a drawing-room character. The next concert is fixed for Wednesday, the 8th December.

MANCHESTER.—About 230 vocalists (besides the principals) of the Bradford Festival Choir, assisted at the Monday Evening Concert of the 1st of November. They sang several part-songs and choruses, and fully justified the praises that have been bestowed upon them whenever they have sung. Madlle. Vaneri and Mr. Coates were the solo vocalists, Mr. Burton, organist, and Messrs. Banks and Jackson, conductors.

THE LATE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Instead of the late Festival proving to be a failure, as had at one time been anticipated, it turns out the most productive one for the charity which these meetings support—viz.: the Clergy and Widows Orphans' Charity—that has ever been held in the century-and-a-half of their existence. Some liberal contributions to the fund have been sent in since the meeting, and the result is that the total amount received on behalf of the charity is £1,063 3s. 4d. The largest collection realised prior to this year was in 1840, when £1,061 2s. 1d. was received. The prospects of the next meeting at Hereford, too, are cheering, twenty-four of the twenty-five stewards required for the Hereford Festival in 1861 having been obtained. The meeting of the "Three Choirs" for 1859 will be held at Gloucester.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. H. Monk, director of the choir at King's College, London, delivered a lecture on the "History and development of Choral Music," the illustrations being given by the members of the Manchester Vocal Union, numbering about 150 voices. The lecturer entered pretty fully into the early history of the great choral masters, illustrating the various schools and styles by compositions of Palestrina, J. C. Bach, Leo, Telemann, &c., &c., the singing of which evidenced considerable study on the part of the choir, and their conductor, Mr. D. W. Banks. The selection from the *Grosses Passions Musik*, by J. S. Bach, was given with great precision; as was also a part-song of Mendelssohn's "For the woods at morn I yearn," and which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, received an enthusiastic and well-merited encore. Mr. George Freemantle ably discharged the duties of the organ, and previous to the commencement of the lecture gave the "Dead March" in *Saul*, in remembrance of the late Sir John Potter, one of the patrons of the society. We understand *Judas Maccabæus* is the oratorio next selected for a public performance, and we think will be more likely to secure a better audience in point of numbers than the one with which the choir were favoured on Saturday.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MR. ALFRED WIGAN and Mrs. Wigan have accepted an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, for six nights, which was to commence on the 8th of November. At that date it will be two years and one week since Mr. Wigan left the stage; his return is a matter of interest to all true admirers of histrionic art.

LOLA MONTEZ, who has been lecturing in New York with great success, recently proposed to deliver her celebrated lecture on Rome, in aid of the fund for building a church to be free to the poor and unfortunate. Her offer was accepted by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, and was to be given at Hope Chapel, Broadway.

AN INHARMONIOUS CONTRAST.

(From *Punch*.)

JULLIEN'S "Hymn of Universal Harmony" was certainly wanting in effect the first night; for the effect on the audience was anything but harmonious. Whilst the chorus was warbling the prettiest sentiments, oaths and blows were being freely exchanged in the promenade. The appeal from the orchestra, that the whole world should love one another as brothers, was answered from below by loud cries of "A Ring! A Ring!" Poetic exhortations to "Peace," ended in a general fight; and the only figure conjured up by the music, which was breathing nothing short of universal love, was that of a policeman, who flourished his staff about with a vigour and precision worthy of the great *maitre's bâton*. If the "Row Polka" had been played instead, the response from the brute part of the audience could not have been in better tone. As it was, the contradiction was most comical; and probably if Jullien follows up his present triumph with "A Hymn of Universal Discord," it may, judging from the present opposite result, send his shilling admirers into transports of the wildest good humour, and we may witness the curious sight of an entire pit of mouldy gents all embracing one another.

The exhibition would be most pathetic! In the meantime, we warn Jullien against trying any more "Harmony." The disturbance on the opening night should be a music-lesson to him as to the danger of such experiments. His excuse is, that he was anxious to know how far the gentish breast was open to the influence of "Universal Harmony." "If the gent takes it quietly," he reasoned, "I know at once the effect it would have upon the savages." The promenade is quieted now, and the Mons glows every evening with a sunset halo of golden delight. He has no misgivings about his forthcoming musical scamper, with the piccolo as his *alpenstock*, all over the world. He consoles himself with the comforting assurance, that since he has escaped the fury of the gents, the Anthropophagi are sure to receive him with open arms.

Jullien is so pleased with the success of his "Universal Harmony," that he intends dedicating it to his friend, John Bright.

GREEK TRAGEDY.—The production of *Œdipus Rex* has once more revived the question of the propriety of performances from the Greek in our classic theatres. Without wishing to detract from the merit of the present performance at the Théâtre-Français, there is, as we know, another mode of executing such pieces, and of this, *Antigone*, produced at the Odéon in 1844, was an example. It consists in singing the choral part, and playing the piece on a double stage, the first being the *thymele* for the chorus, and the second the *proscenium*, raised for the personages of the drama, after the antique fashion. In this way several *chefs-d'œuvre*, including *Antigone*, *Œdipus Rex*, *Hippolytus*, and *Medea*, with music by eminent composers, have been represented at various times at the Theatres Royal of Berlin and Munich. This system—the merit of conceiving which M. Sébastien Rhéal has restored to the Emperor Napoléon I., by the citation of the passages from the *Mémorial de Saint-Hélène*—is completed by this learned poet in his translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, in which he has restored, for the first time be it remarked, the chorus of the orchestral dance, as employed in Greek tragedy, which was totally distinct from ours. Those persons who are anxious to be edified on such points can refer to M. Rhéal's interesting work, *Hippolyte porte Couronne*, published by Dentu, with instructive observations.—*Le Ménestrel*.

DEWSBURY.—A miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Town Hall by the Dewsbury Glee Club, assisted by Mrs. Lofthouse, of Ossett, and the Dewsbury Quadrille band. The audience was not large, but the performance, on the whole, was very good.

MILITARY BANDS.—Orders have been issued that, in order to obtain efficient musicians as bandmen for Her Majesty's regiments, a bounty of £10 is to be paid to all joining, and a gratuity of £1 to any person bringing an efficient man.

BRUSSELS.—The success of *Quentin Durward* goes on increasing. There was a gala performance a short time since, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and it was M. Gevaert's work which was selected for the occasion. The *libretto* is sometimes fatiguingly long; the action does not progress, or does not progress fast enough. A great deal of recitative, substituted for the dialogue, retards it still more. The actors speak little and sing a great deal; they sing too much. The work is thus no longer a comic opera, as its title indicates, but a real opera. The first act is that which contains the least striving after effect, but it is that, however, which the public prefer to the other two, and their judgment is the correct one. Nothing equals simplicity. With far fewer instruments, and less complication and concerted pieces, Grétry charmed a great deal more. We certainly do not wish to see art retrograde; we only desire that M. Gevaert, who has manifested so much talent, should not lose sight of his great models. Let him follow without imitating them; let him particularly study the requirements of that branch of the art which he treats, and let him not seek exclusively grandeur, where, above all things, we need grace. Besides, grandeur does not consist in the proportions, but the sentiment, of a work.

MAIDSTONE.—LITERARY AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION CONCERT.—This entertainment came off on Tuesday evening, and was a decided success. The management of the programme had been judiciously confided to Mr. H. W. Hill, of the Royal Italian Opera, and the band, although small in number, rendered several popular selections in brilliant style. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the concert was a selection from *Il Trovatore*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, with solos for the violin, flute, and trombone. The performances of Mr. Hill on the violin, in this and the other pieces, exhibited the vigour of his style. Mr. Winterbottom's trombone playing in the *Trovatore*, as well as in the solo from *Martha*, produced a great effect. Mr. Dawson's *moreau* for the flute was well played and much applauded. Mr. Tolhurst played well, and ably accompanied the singers on the pianoforte. A solo on the violin by Master Malatrat, from New York, played in a style that augurs a brilliant future for him, was encored. Messrs. Levason, Howell, Wallis, Gibson, Amor, and Beale, were effective in the concerted pieces. The vocalists were Miss Frazer and Miss Jefferys. Miss Frazer, in "Why should I be sad?" a new song by Mellor, and a Scotch ballad (encored), afforded much pleasure. Miss Jefferys, in "Happy moments," and other songs, was loudly applauded. Signor Tivoli, lately arrived in England, sings with feeling, and his tone is rich and powerful. "Hear me, gentle Maritana" (*Maritana*), with violin obligato (beautifully played by Mr. Hill), was sung in excellent style. The Corn Exchange was filled to overflowing.—*South Eastern Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL.—The second public performance of the Vocal Union took place on Tuesday week, in St. George's Hall. The solo singers were Miss Whitham, Mrs. Winterbottom, Messrs. Inkersall and Skarisbrick. The chorus were on their mettle, and sang "O, thou that tellest," "For unto us" (encored), and "He is the king of glory," capitolly. Mr. Best was the organist, and Mr. Armstrong the leader.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT HEATON HALL.—On Saturday evening, the 30th ult., a second concert in aid of the funds for the enlargement of St. Margaret's Church, Prestwich, took place at Heaton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Wilton. In addition to Lady Katherine Egerton, Lady Alice Egerton, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and the Countess of Wilton, who took part in the last concert, a further treat was afforded at this concert by the presence of Miss Graham and Miss Helen Graham, two of the daughters of Sir James Graham, and the Hon. Mrs. Duncombe, all of whom at present are on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Wilton. Mr. Charles Hallé acted again as conductor, and Mdlle. Merzi, who, we believe, made her *début* at Heaton Hall at the last concert, again lent her valuable services.

MANCHESTER.—The chief feature of Mr. C. Hallé's orchestral concert was Beethoven's "Battle Symphony." Spontini's *Olympia*, and Weber's *Der Freischütz*, were also played. Miss Custance Johnson was the vocalist. Mr. Hallé played Liszt's "Hungarian Airs," Mr. Carrodus a violin *fantasia*, and Herr Grosse a clarinet *fantasia*. The room was crowded.

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